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Curious Hindoo Shrine.

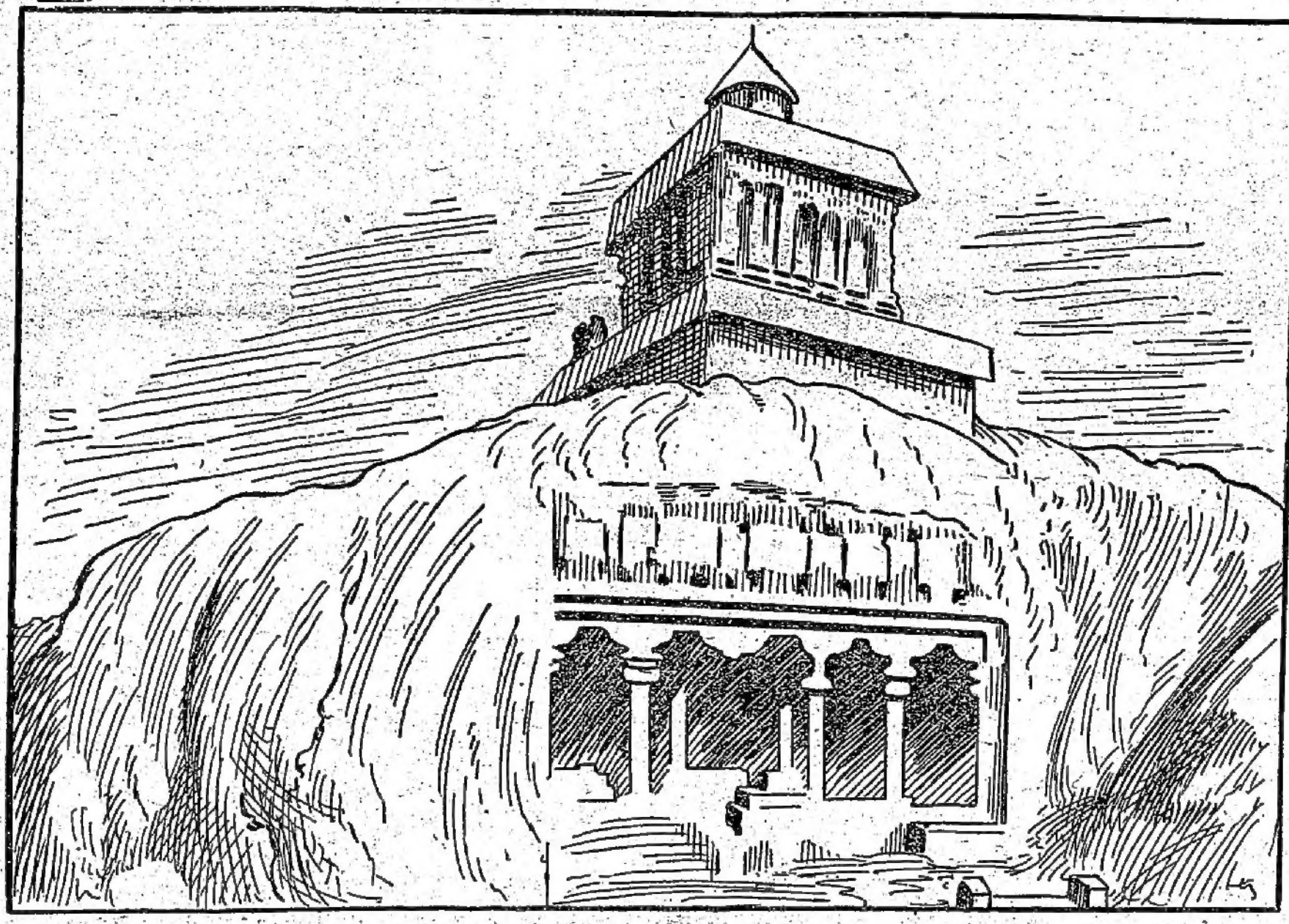
TEMPLE CARVED IN SOLID ROCK.

Many years ago, in an outlying district of Southern India, a bold mass of rock was seen to be marked with red paint. The natives soon gathered in small groups and inspected the marks with awestruck faces. A few days later some small bowls of rice and other offerings were lying near the rock, and before many weeks had elapsed a rough enclosure had been built, and the spot was recognized as sacred by the benighted villagers.

A year or two passed, and a simple temple of brick marked the spot where the mysterious daub of red paint had originally appeared. But more ambitious plans were in the air. Before long the natives began to laboriously excavate the solid rock itself, and after many months of patient work the beautiful rock-hewn shrine depicted in our illustration was opened for worship.

As may be seen, the entrance is adorned with an arcading of six pillars, one of which is now broken. The roof of the interior is also supported by a series of slender and gracefully carved columns.

But the natives were not content even yet. They resolved to crown their achievement by adding an upper story of massive stonework, and for this purpose constructed the heavy square tower which now surmounts the sacred rock. The entire shrine is one of the most interesting of the many mysterious structures associated with the religions of the various Indian native tribes. —'Sunday Companion.'



A HINDOO TEMPLE CARVED IN THE SOLID ROCK.

A Fright And a Rescue.

In the 'Bombay Guardian' for Sept. 11, 1897, Helen S. Dyer gives the following account, the substance of which has been printed before, but which is now authenticated by the publication of names and particulars:—

About the year 1800 Miss Sarah Purday, of Folkestone, was engaged in the management of a library and reading-room in the little village of Sandgate, which her father had recently opened for the benefit of the officers of Sir John Moore's camp, stationed in tents at Shorncliff on the hill above. Sandgate itself did not boast half-a-dozen houses. Miss Purday did not live at Sandgate, but went back and forth morning and evening to her father's home at Folkestone, two miles away.

One evening it was getting late when she started, and for some reason her usual escort had failed her, so she was alone on the road. Just at the top of the hill she either met or passed a gang of Irish laborers who were employed on fortification operations against the expected attacks of Napoleon Bonaparte in the vicinity. From some remarks Miss Purday overheard, she became possessed of the idea that these men meant mischief to her. Acting on the impulse of the moment, she turned and fled back down the hill towards the village she had left. Out of breath and agitated, she could only think of one house to go to, the seaside home of a family of distinction whose housekeeper was her *friend*, the *family* being at the time in London.

It was a long, low, rambling house, built close to the sea at the far end of the village, long since pulled down, but when the writer was a child it was known as the Marine Hotel. The coastguard station now occupies the spot.

Poor Miss Sarah wended her way to this house and rang the bell; she rang it again and again, and was just about to go away in despair to find some other shelter, when she heard sounds within and her friend appeared. Miss Purday found her hostess somewhat distraught and peculiar in her manner, and noticed that every door they went through had to be unlocked, but she stayed the night and went to her business as usual the next morning. Many years later, when Sandgate had increased in size and popularity as a watering-place, and the camp ground was only a military memory, the owners of the house where Miss Purday's friend lived decided to sell it and move away.

One day the good woman called to say farewell, and under a pledge of secrecy dur-

ing her own lifetime, she told Miss Purday that her opportune arrival on that night, which they both so well remembered, had saved her from the sin of suicide. When she heard Miss Purday's knock at the front door, she had just locked up the whole house carefully and was about to leave it on the other side to drown herself in the sea. She was a Christian woman, but the great enemy of souls had so worked upon her mind as to induce despair, and she had decided to take her own life. She had always from that time cherished feelings of very tender regard for the one whom the Lord used to save her life, and she now entrusted her with the story.

The promise was faithfully kept until the subject of it died, when it was told as one more incident of the watchful care of the Heavenly Father, who can use the most untoward circumstances to deliver his own children in times of difficulty and danger.

My father, who knew Miss Purday well, and who succeeded her in the library business at Sandgate, often told me the story in my childhood while going to and fro to chapel from Sandgate to Folkestone, even to pointing out the spot on the road where Miss Purday was frightened by the rude men, and afterwards gave me the book in which the story was published orginally, by the Religious Tract Society. Miss Purday died about 1866; I remember her well, and shall remember her story, I expect, as long as I have a memory.

The Solitary Way.

Editor Michigan 'Advocate':—The accompanying beautiful poem, author unknown, sent to cheer and comfort one aged saint in sickness and suffering, is so replete with blessing that it seemed to me that its message ought to be repeated to many others in similar circumstances. I therefore send it to you for such use as you think best.

Truly yours, HELEN I. DUNNING.

There is a mystery in our human hearts,
And though we be encircled by a host
Of those who love us well, and are beloved,
To everyone of us, from time to time,
There comes a sense of utter loneliness.
Our dearest friend is stranger to our joy,
And cannot realize our bitterness.
'There is not one who really understands,
Not one to enter into all I feel.'
Such is the cry of each of us in turn;
We wander in a solitary way.

No matter what or where our lot may be,
Each heart, mysterious even to itself,
Must live its inner life in solitude.
And would you know the reason why this is?
It is because the Lord desires our love;
In every heart He wishes to be first.
He therefore keeps the secret key Himself,
To open all its chambers, and to bless
With perfect sympathy and holy peace
Each solitary soul which comes to Him.

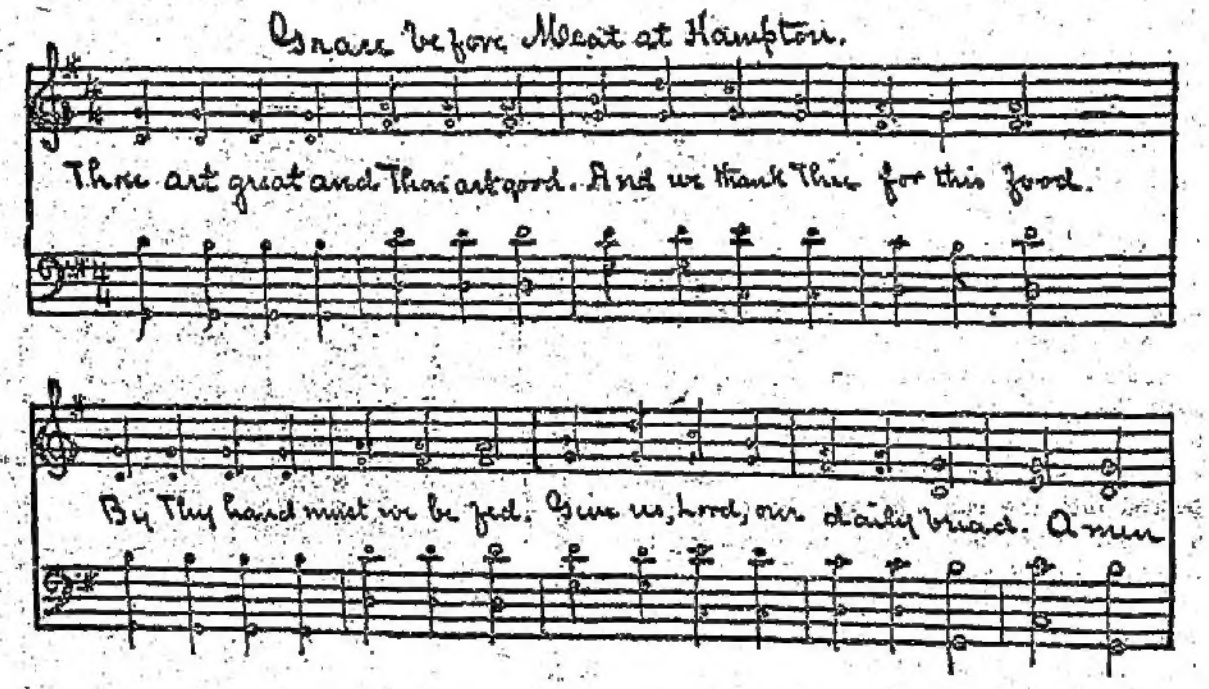
So when we feel this loneliness, it is
The voice of Jesus saying, 'Come to Me;'
And every time we are not understood,
It is a call to us to come again;
For Christ alone can satisfy the soul,
And those who walk with Him from day to day
Can never have a solitary way.

And when beneath some heavy cross you faint,
And say, 'I cannot bear this cross alone,'
You say the truth. Christ made it purposely
So heavy that you must return to Him.
The bitter grief which 'no one understands,'
Conveys a secret message from the King,
Entreating you to come to Him again.
The 'Man of Sorrows' understands it well.
'In all points tempted,' He can feel with you;
You cannot come too often or too near.
The Son of God is infinite in grace;
His presence satisfies the longing soul;
And they who walk with Him from day to day
Can never have a solitary way.

Hampton Normal Institute.

It was a bright day, with a touch of spring in the air, and the sun shining on Hampton Roads, as we entered the gate and walked between grassy lawns to visit Hampton Institute. Dr. Frissell was writing in his little office which was surrounded by mayflowers in bloom, and under his guidance and that of other friends, we made an interesting tour of the building.

Everywhere the students were busily at work, and evidences of what they had accomplished were shown us: handsome headwork and finely-woven stuffs, made by the Indian girls, and carvings and drawings, showing great ability. In one building architecture is taught practically, from the drawing of simple forms and plans to the actual building and plastering of miniature houses. To this branch of work the Institution owes the pulpit in its fine church, which was made by the students. Entering another bright room, the whirr of machinery met our ears. Here were the workers in iron; their fires burning brightly, while the mechanics seemed intent upon the occupation so well suited to their strong physiques. In still another department furniture was made, and delicate scrolls and ornaments carved for decoration.


Grace before Meat at Hampton.
Thou art great and Thou art good. And we thank Thee for this food.
By Thy hand must we be fed. Give us, Lord, our daily bread. Amen

Everywhere quiet and industry prevailed and faces were full of intelligence and interest. When the hour arrived for the midday meal, all the men assembled on the green, and marched to the music of their band, past the old manor house, which is Dr. Fissell's home, while he, standing on the piazza, acknowledged the salute of each well-drilled line. The girls had already gathered at the dining hall, and all quickly found their places. A bell was touched, and there followed complete silence, while the students stood with bowed head behind their chair.

Softly at first, but gradually swelling as the tones of an organ, rose their voices in this beautiful 'Grace before meat.

The music was composed by Robert H. Hamilton, a graduate of Hampton in 1877. He was one of the original band of Hampton singers, and for some years instructor of vocal music at Hampton and then at Tuskegee. He died from heart trouble while travelling with the Hampton Quartette, but his 'Grace' has lived through the years, and the singing of it is a beautiful and impressive custom.

On Sunday afternoon there is dress parade, while the band plays, and Dr. Frissell inspects the lines. Later, all march to the church, where the service is held. There is no organ—none is needed. Those full, deep voices chant in perfect unison their part of the sacred service. Following it they sing their own favorites: 'Swing Low, Sweet Chariot,' and the rest; and still again in the evening they gather to sing the plantation melodies that all love so much. Music is one of the chief delights in the busy life of the Hampton students.

Scatter The Books.

('Observer' in 'Faithful Witness.')

Who can estimate the good that has resulted from such books as 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' 'The Dairyman's Daughter,' and many others of a somewhat similar character, and who can calculate what the widespread circulation of such works among the unsaved would accomplish? Some of the men who have done a great deal for the extension of the Gospel were converted through the reading of a book or pamphlet. Let us all remember that while the circulation of good literature should not take the place of verbal testimony, it nevertheless is one of the most important means to bring sinners to the knowledge of the truth.

H. L. Hastings, of Boston, is the author of the following article on 'Scatter the Books,' which appeared not long ago in the columns of 'The Christian':

'A good book carries the Gospel into a home. It may remain there for a life-time. Who can measure the power of a good book over parents, children, visitors, and strangers, who may pick it up to while away an idle moment? A good book may be a life-long missionary in a home.

'Can you not get good books into homes where they are needed? While the writer was standing in the railway station in Allentown, Pa., with a bundle of tracts in his hand, a stranger accosted him:

'"Is this Mr. Hastings?" "That is my name."

'"I thought so from the tracts you carried. I read 'The Guiding Hand' a dozen years ago and it was a great blessing to my soul." He went on to tell how he had learned the lessons of trust in God. He was now a preacher of the Gospel and had scattered hundreds of dollars' worth of the publications of the Tract Repository.

'A tract may save a soul. A book may change a life. Who will help by scattering light and truth in this way? Every tract or book bought or paid for helps to print one or two more, and so keeps the work going; and so the stream of blessing widens and deepens and spreads far and near.

'Buy books, and persuade others to buy them; and if you fail to do this, loan them or give them, and they may be made useful to many, and bring to your own soul a great reward.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

On Hospital Road.

(Helen Shipton in 'Dawn of Day.')

Along a newly-made, hardly-finished road on the outskirts of a large manufacturing town, a party of young men was making its somewhat riotous way.

The lads—there were about a dozen of them, and none of them much under nineteen or over twenty-one—had just left a football match; and some of them were disputing noisily about the game they had just witnessed, while others, even more noisily, were trying to settle what was to be done with the remainder of the evening.

There were no houses as yet on either side of the road; though the town lay densely packed before them, and at the end of the road was a large ugly building of raw red brick, and beyond it a few cottages which had been quite in the country not long ago.

It was an unfrequented road — perhaps none of the lads knew that it was called Hospital Road, or had passed through it more than once or twice before, though they were now trying it as a short cut from the football ground—and any person or vehicle passing that way was sufficiently rare to be noticed.

Consequently the lads ceased their talk to stare as a cab came slowly down the road towards them, then drew up just as it came alongside, the driver getting down from his box, flinging open the door, and entering upon a very hot and one-sided argument with his fare.

Apparently the young men felt some curiosity as to 'what was up,' and saw no reason why they should not gratify it, for they came to a stop, and those who were nearest peered into the cab, and saw its occupant, a woman very much muffled up, cowering in a corner of the seat.

The cabman was insisting upon her getting out at once, and she was refusing to do so or remonstrating with him, in a voice so low that the bystanders could not hear what she said.

The man's loud bullying tone awakened some gentle instincts in the heart of one of the young fellows.

'Look here,' he struck in, 'what's it all about? Why can't you take her wherever it is she wants to go?'

'Because I ain't such a fool,' snapped the man, who had talked himself into a towering passion. 'Come now, out you get, or I'll know the reason why.'

'I would thankfully get out,' said the woman—and her voice sounded as though she was not far from tears, though her face could not be seen under her thick veil—'thankfully, if I thought I could walk as far as the end of the road. But I do assure you, it's not at all as you think; and if it was, it couldn't do you any more harm to take me on that much further.'

'I'm not going to do it, anyway,' stormed the cabman, 'and you ought to take shame to youself, ruining a poor man's trade and risking other folks' lives; and if I saw a policeman I'd give you in charge, I can tell you. Now, then! get out!'

'I wish there was a policeman anywhere about,' said the woman, faintly. 'If you'll only take me on as far as the cottage, they'll tell you there——'

'I daresay! a pack of lies! Much you'd care when you'd got where you wanted. Get out, or I'll make you.'

'But what's amiss? What's all the row about?' again put in the young fellow who had spoken before.

'Small-pox! That's what's amiss,' the cabman answered. 'I had my doubts when I was fool enough to let her get in, and as soon as I see the Small-pox Hospital at the end of this here road, I knew what she was after.'

The young men, who had been gathering closer round the door of the cab, scattered at the word of small-pox as if it had been a bombshell, and the woman's faint protest that she didn't want to go to the Hospital, but to one of the cottages just beyond, was not heard by anyone.

'It's a bad business,' said the young man who seemed to feel a call to be the woman's champion. 'But if it's true what she says, it wouldn't make things any worse for you to take her that much further on. It isn't a quarter of a mile, and you can't leave her by the roadside.'

'I don't care how far nor how near it is,' said the other doggedly. 'She's not going to stay another moment in this here cab, and she wouldn't have the cheek to try it if she didn't think I durstn't touch her. But I'll have her out, if I turn the cab over!'

He shook the door with a furious hand; and then, as his anger carried him beyond fear, set his foot upon the step as though he meant to plunge in and drag his fare out by force.

Perhaps the woman thought it better not to wait for that, for she rose up stiffly and weakly, and crept out of the cab, supporting herself by the door.

The railing at the roadside was close at hand, and she reached it and came to a stop there, leaning against it as though she had no strength to go further; while the young men eyed her from the other side of the road, to which they had retreated, and the cabman slammed the door, mounted his box, and drove off as fast as he could.

'Jack Temple, don't be a fool!' said one of the lads in an energetic whisper.

For the young fellow who had acted as spokesman now shook off the hand that his companion had laid upon his arm, and stepped back across the road, near enough to speak to the woman, and to hear her faint voice in reply.

'Where is it that you want to go, honor bright?' he asked.

'To Southview Cottage, the next but one to the Hospital yonder. But I don't know how I'm to get there, for I've been ill, and my head goes round when I try to walk by myself.'

Jack Temple stood looking at her, his fresh young cheeks a little paler than usual and many thoughts whirling through his head.

'WHERE IS IT YOU WANT TO GO?'

Her voice sounded like that of a respectable woman, but through her thick veil he could see that her face was blotched and discolored with what might be the marks of the dreaded illness for aught he knew.

'I believe she has got small-pox,' he said to himself. 'But if she has, all the more she oughtn't to stand out here in the cold, or maybe fall down and lie on the wet ground an hour or two till somebody chances to come by.'

He was a brave young fellow enough, but his very flesh crept at the thought of this particular danger. A runaway horse, or a house on fire, or a river in flood—how much better either of these would have been to deal with!

He stood there motionless, for one of those

moments of time that seem like years—ay, and do the work of years. 'You would have liked to do something fine, to have a chance to show off and make the world call you a plucky fellow,' a voice in his heart said to him. 'And this is what comes to you—a chance to die a dog's death, while the other chaps call you a fool. But if you turn your back you will know all your life, whatever they may say, that you are a poor pitiful coward. Well, it's hard luck; that's what it is.'

Jack Temple gave a little sigh, like a schoolboy driven to some unwelcome task; and took two or three steps nearer to the woman.

'Catch hold of my arm,' he said. 'Lean pretty hard, and you'll get along that far, I should think. If the worst comes to the worst, I can carry you a bit.'

The woman stared dumbly at him, too much surprised to make any movement to accept his offered help; but he drew her arm firmly within his; and at the same moment his late companions scattered back in all directions once more.

From a safe distance they raised their voices in confused remonstrance; angry, as men are apt to be when they see a man doing what they dare not do themselves and what they would like to think quite unnecessary to be done by anyone.

Jack Temple would not have paid any heed to them even if he had not felt that it was now too late to draw back. But he felt a little hurt when, as they went off, more than one shouted back a warning that he 'was not to think himself fit company for anyone for one while,' and that he had better not try to join them at the place where they were going to finish the evening.

'You needn't be frightened! If you don't want to have me I want as little to come,' he cried, flinging the words indignantly back over his shoulder; and then he turned again to the woman, and gave his whole mind to helping her tottering steps along the rough half-made road.

It was not a pleasant walk for Jack Temple. He had put aside his fears, but he had not forgotten them; and he was sorely tempted to hurry his charge beyond her strength, that he might get away from her dangerous neighborhood.

She began to talk, in her low shaken voice, giving some kind of explanation that he could hardly catch, and was not at all inclined to believe in. He was quite sure that she had the small-pox whatever she might have been driven to say; and while she talked he was wondering whether, having been vaccinated as a baby would protect him now, or whether being vaccinated the next day or that very night would be a safeguard against dangers already run into.

And the time seemed so long! The distance to the end of that long straight road, that his young feet could have travelled in five minutes if he had been alone, seemed to stretch itself out for miles as his companion dragged more and more wearily upon his arm.

Jack thought at last that he should really have to keep his word and carry her; but she made shift to keep on, and to creep past the long front of the Small-pox Hospital; and, sure enough, the second of two small cottages that stood fifty yards beyond it was called Southview.

Here Jack had rather hoped that he would find some one who would confirm the woman's story, or tell him honestly what was the matter with her, but as he tapped at the half-open door a big stupid-looking girl came forward and exclaimed in surprise at the sight of his companion, whom she called Aunt Lizzie, and whom she evidently had not seen for some time.

It was plain that the woman meant to tell her own tale, true or false, to these relations of hers, and Jack could see no good in staying to hear her tell it. He was just hurrying off when she stopped him for an instant to beg for his address; and he gave it and went away, only hoping that he might never have occasion to think of her again.

It was not because Jack Temple cared nothing about infection that he had been the one to come forward in this emergency. Small-pox is the one disease that is most dreaded in his class, and his mother had when she was a child witnessed an awful outbreak of it in her native town, and her stories of that time had made a deep impression on his mind.

He was no coward; and if he had had anything to do he would soon have shaken off his fears and his serious thoughts, reasonable and unreasonable, together.

But his holiday had come to an untimely end, and yet there was of course no work for him to do. His home was too far off to go to, and even if it had not been he might not have felt himself safe company for anyone. There was nothing for it but to take a walk by himself on the loneliest, and airiest and bleakest road he could find, and to amuse himself by wondering how soon a man would begin to feel that he was in for small-pox, if he really had taken it.

It ended in his going to the club doctor and getting himself vaccinated, without explaining the reason for his sudden desire for the doctor's services, and then going home and shutting himself up in his lodging for the rest of the evening, trying to set his face to what might lie before him.

That his fears were more than half fanciful, that, right or wrong, the next morning would see him ready to laugh at them, made no difference to Jack Temple just them. In the fulness of life and strength, with plenty of time to think about it, he had to realize how near death is to all of us; and a cold breath from the grave seemed to chill the warm young blood in his veins.

It did occur to him that to go out and get drunk would be a very good way of forgetting unpleasant thoughts. If he had run into this danger by mere accident, he might perhaps have taken that way; but now he felt a sort of unwillingness to spoil what had been meant well in that fashion. 'Nay,' he thought; 'I meant it on the right side. I'll face it out and take the consequences, and not make a beast of myself this time.'

'IT ENDED IN HIS GOING TO THE CLUB DOCTOR.'

And as he sat and faced it out, the careless, light-hearted boy, to whom life had seemed no more than a game of chance, grew all at once into a man.

He saw, or partly saw, what life was worth, and what he might make of it if it was spared to him; saw the sins and follies of the thoughtless past, and felt a wholesome pang of shame; caught a glimpse of the mercy that had watched and had patience all through his careless boyhood; and made a very humble and honest resolve that if he was kept now safe from harm he would try,

God helping him, to live in future as he wished now that he had lived always. And then, as there came over him a wave of vague terror and regret at the thought of the end of all the pleasant familiar paths that his feet had walked in, and the dark Gate at the end, it drove him to his knees and to the most real and earnest prayer that ever he had prayed in his life.

Jack Temple never knew what time he fell asleep that night, but he slept as soundly and as sweetly as if no thought of such a thing as small-pox or infection had ever crossed his mind.

When he woke in the morning—though nothing had happened to reassure him, though the letter which the woman's sister wrote to tell him that she had been only suffering from eczema and general debility was still on its way—the fears of yesterday seemed like ghost stories told again by daylight.

The rest of his meditations might have been in danger of being forgotten with them, but for a piece of news that came to his ears on his way to work.

His comrades of the day before had finished the evening at a certain place of entertainment which some of them frequented, and which Jack had himself visited once or twice; and late at night the police had made a raid upon it, having heard that gambling was carried on there. The lads were half mad with drink and excitement, and a free fight had taken place, in which some of the police were hurt, and several of Jack's acquaintances were arrested.

'If I'd gone with them yesterday, I'd have been in it too!' thought Jack as he set to work like one in a dream. 'They'd never have let me go when the card-playing began; and when it came to fighting, a fellow would have felt like a coward to keep out of it. And I'd have lost my situation and my character. . . . Mother would have broken her heart, . . . and Lucy would never have been allowed to look at me again. . . . I did try not to grudge the cost of what I did; but it makes a fellow feel ashamed to be paid back so soon, and such good measure! Mother used to say we owed God all our lives. Please him, I'll try now and pay what I owe.'

How the Race Was Won.

(Helen S. Barnjum in 'The Wellspring.')

For once Norman Brentwood's brow was clouded as he walked to school one bright, frosty afternoon in December. 'If it wasn't for that old pile of wood, I could go,' he said to himself with a sigh.

The facts were the next day would be Saturday, therefore a holiday, and the schoolboys were all going down to the river in the afternoon to have a regular skating frolic on the ice; races, and no end of fun. If there was anything in this world Norman was fond of it was skating; and of course he wanted very much to go with the boys; indeed, just for the time being, it seemed to him he had never wanted anything so much before. But, then, there was Mr. Travers's pile of wood that he must saw and split!

Mr. Brentwood had died when Norman was quite a little boy, leaving his wife, through no fault of his own, with a very scanty income, which Norman was glad, now he was old enough, to help eke out with the little extra he could earn.

When Norman reached the schoolhouse, he found the boys all gathered in the entry, planning and discussing their anticipated fun on the morrow. Norman tried to slip away to the school-room without being drawn into their conversation, for he did so dislike to tell the boys he could not join them, and the reason why.

However, his attempt to do this was in vain, and before he had reached the door Hector Wallace had called out—

'Come, Norman, our champion skater, you are booked for a race with Tom Dodge and me to-morrow; you've never been beaten yet, but that isn't saying you never will be; at any rate, we are going to do our best, and the ice is just prime!'

'I'm very sorry, Hector,' said Norman, coloring, 'but I really can't go to-morrow.'

'Can't go?' echoed the boys, and there were all sorts of exclamations of surprise and disappointment, for Norman was a general favorite, and a skating party was never complete without him.

Of couse the boys were clamorous to know Norman's reason for not going, and finding they would not be satisfied without it, he said boldly—

'Well, you see, fellows, mother and I are not exactly wealthy, and anything I can earn is pretty acceptable, so I have given people to understand I am ready to do odd jobs out of school hours, and Mr. Travers stopped me yesterday and gave me his wood pile to get into shape for burning, and I promised I would be on hand bright and early Saturday morning, so you see how it is, and that I am fixed so far as skating goes.'

Just then the bell rang and nothing more could be said, but as soon as school was over the boys gathered round Norman in the yard, suggesting all sorts of impracticable plans and proposals that they thought would make it possible for him to be one of the skating party.

'No, boys, I don't see how it can be fixed any way,' said Norman, 'and I must be off home now. Don't think anything more about me, and I hope you'll have a jolly good time;' and he was off with a bound and hurrying down the street whistling, to hide his feelings.

'Say, boys, I have an idea!' exclaimed Harry Austin, as Norman's particular friends started off together towards home; 'and if you think well of it, we'll make things all right for Norman.'

'Out with it, then, old man,' said Clifford Seaton; 'we're ready for any sort of an idea in that direction.'

'Well, what do you say to us five boys going down in a body to-morrow morning to Mr. Travers's, and lending Norman a hand with his wood. We six could put it through in fine shape in three hours.'

'Hurrah, boys, just the thing!' exclaimed Walter Hunt, clapping Harry on the back; and the rest of the boys were no less hearty in their approval of the plan.

'Well, then,' said Harry, as they separated, 'we meet to-morrow morning at Mr. Travers's wood pile at eight o'clock, and don't one of you fail to be on time, for we want to get through as early as possible so as to get fixed for the afternoon.'

Norman's mother opened the door for him that afternoon with her usual smiling greeting, and though he returned it brightly and made some merry remark, she fancied she could see something very much like a shadow upon his face. However, feeling sure he would tell her if anything had gone wrong with him, she said nothing, and presently thought she must have been mistaken, hearing him whistling and singing over his work in the wood-shed. Indeed, Norman was 'all right' again, as he would have expressed it. At first it had seemed to him he could not give up the fun on the ice, and he would go and tell Mr. Travers he could not do the wood; then very soon he saw how selfish it was in him to even think of losing this opportunity to earn the money that would mean some little added comfort for his mother. Then he fell to murmuring over his lot, and saying to himself he didn't see why other boys should have so much and he so little, forgetting how many there were who had less than he. Finally, and before he reached home, he began to realize how wrong he was to have such feelings, and looking above for strength to overcome himself and take up this cross cheerfully, he was able, as we have seen, to meet his mother with nearly as bright a face as usual, and before long the clouds were quite gone, and he found himself whistling and singing and looking at things in quite a different light. He made up his mind not to say a word to his mother about it all, for he knew it woud grieve her sadly to think of his missing so much pleasure.

Half-past seven the next morning found Norman at Mr. Travers's, and soon he was fairly into the work. The wood pile was situated in as warm and sheltered a spot as was possible out of doors, but handling the frosty sticks was not the most agreeable occupation imaginable such a cold morning, and before the sun was well up. However, he did not have much time to think before he looked up and saw his five schoolmates armed with saws, sawhorses and axes coming in at the gate and walking straight towards him.

'Hullo there, Norman!' they shouted; and by the time they had reached him he had stopped short in the middle of a stick and was standing looking at them in amazement.

'Whatever are you boys up to now?' he inquired. 'I should think you were going to steal my trade.'

'Well,' said Harry, 'so we are, just for this morning. We have come to see if you will let us do what we can towards reducing that wood pile and giving you a chance to beat Hector and Tom this afternoon.'

'What do you mean, Harry? I don't understand,' said Norman, in perplexity.

And then they all united in explaining and soon made things clear. Norman's eyes were full of delight and gratitude as he said: 'I don't know how to thank you enough, boys; you're awfully good to me, and I don't see why you care so much about having me go with you, anyway.'

'Well,' said Clifford, 'it isn't necessary you should see; we do care, and that's enough; and now let's get to work with a will, so as to be through as early as possible.'

Not a moment more was wasted, and a busy group of boys they soon were, and as merry as busy. Their noise and laughter brought Mr. Travers out to inquire into matters, and Norman was only too glad of the opportunity to tell him all about the kindness of his companions.

'Well, I declare! you're boys worth knowing, I should say,' exclaimed the blunt farmer as he turned back to the house.

'Just fifteen minutes past eleven,' said Hector, as he laid the last stick of wood on the neat pile of generous proportions, which now stood as a monument of their industry.

'Now, boys, for home,' said Tom, 'and let not a man of us fail to be at the river by two o'clock.'

Sure enough at the appointed hour, our six boys, with their schoolmates, gathered on the river bank and soon had their skates on and were skimming over the glassy surface in wild excitement making the air ring with shouts and happy laughter.

As Hector had said, the ice was indeed 'prime,' and the river lay smooth and glis-

tening in the sunshine like a ribbon of silver. There were to be several races, and as Norman was considered the best skater among the schoolboys, the one between him and Hector and Tom was to come first on the list. One mile was to be the limit, and this would take them just up to old Ben Crawford's cottage.

After due preparation and the usual preliminaries the three boys started, the rest agreeing to follow leisurely after them. They kept together pretty well at first, and then Hector managed suddenly to strike ahead. Then Norman surely and steadily increased his speed, and soon left both the others behind. It grew exciting, when Tom, gathering together all his energies, reached Norman again just as they were coming in sight of Ben's cottage. A moment more and Hector shouted, 'Hullo, there! what's that? Ben's cottage is on fire as sure as the world! Look at the smoke!'

True enough; as the boys drew nearer, flames could be seen as well as smoke. Shouting to the other boys to hurry up, the three contestants commenced anew the race for the cottage, but this time none of them cared (or ever knew) which came out first. They reached it to find the L part enveloped in flames, and Ben making frantic efforts to save his little home, and poor old Sally, his wife, helping him as best she could.

Hector, Norman and Tom were at work in earnest by the time the other boys had reached the scene of action. Soon water was flying in every direction, and to such good purpose, that before very long they had the satisfaction of getting the flames under control and in due time utterly extinguished. Upon examination the damage proved not so bad as they all had feared it might be. The L was the only portion that had suffered very seriously from the flames, and though the cottage itself was damaged more or less by smoke and water, poor old Ben and Sally were glad and grateful it was no worse, and could not find words enough to express their thankfulness to the boys for all they had done.

'Well, my boys,' said Ben, as they prepared to start for home, 'we shouldn't have had a home to-night if the Lord hadn't sent you along just when he did, and all Sally and me can do to pay you is to remember you in our prayers, and that we'll do, you may depend.'

'Thank you, thank you, Uncle Ben,' said Norman, 'that's all we want, and the best thing you can do for us.'

On their way home the boys of course, discussed the events of the afternoon, and they all decided that, though their races and fun on the ice had been so abruptly cut short, the afternoon had been a very satisfactory one after all.

'And we did win the race with the fire, didn't we?' said Tom. 'And all of us had some of the glory of winning instead of two or three, and it was jolly fun to save poor old Ben's house for him!'

Shining.

Are you shining for Jesus, children?
  Are you shining here and now?
Is heaven's light within your eyes
  And its crown upon your brow?
It will not do that yesterday
  You were dear and good and sweet;
For yesterday has flown away,
  And to-day the hours are fleet.
Are you shining now, my children,
  With purpose steady and strong?
With a Saviour's love within your hearts,
  To keep them tender and warm?
It will not do, what you mean to be—
  To-morrow to sing and smile;
To-morrow, for some, will never come—
  You must shine for him all the while.

—Anon.

Correspondence

SUBSCRIPTION BLANKS.

We are very pleased to have our little friends send for premium lists and subcription blanks. If they will kindly write their request for these, with their full name and address, on a separate piece of paper from their 'Correspondence' letters, they will save the busy Editor a good deal of trouble. We are glad to send subscription blanks to all who wish to get new subscribers for the 'Messenger.'

Fort Albert, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have been sick for about ten weeks. I am getting out around now. When I was sick I was reading the correspondence in the 'Messenger,' and I thought I would like to write a letter. My oldest sister used to take the 'Northern Messenger' for several years, but then we started to take it in our Sunday-school. I have two pets, a colt and a dog. My colt's name is Queen, and my dog's name is Carlo. I have three sisters and one brother. My oldest sister is a school teacher.

A. W. J. G. (aged 11).

Highgate, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We keep chickens. I go to the Highgate Public School. We have four black hens, four whites and a black and white rooster. I have a nice big dog named Ned.

JOHN HENRY (aged 8).

Highgate.

Dear Editor,—Highgate is a very pretty village situated in East Kent, in the Township of Oxford, and is about seven miles from the Thames River. This is a great baseball town. We have two churches, an English and a Methodist. I belong to the English. This is a very profitable little village, both in trade and society. There is lots of game around here, and our hunters are numerous. I go to the High School, and I am getting along very nicely. I also take music lessons. We do not live on a farm, as most boys do. My father is agent for the M.C.R.R. I have a dog, some chickens and a cat.

WILLIE C. O. (aged 12).

Blissville, N.B.

Dear Editor,—Our aunt sends your paper to our oldest brother, Bertram, for taking part in a concert. We like the 'Messenger' very much. Betram thinks that he will pass them around in the Sunday-school.

ETHEL (aged 10).
CLARENCE (aged 6).

St. Martin's, N.B.

Dear Editor,—We keep a store. My father is blind. He has been blind always. We have one hundred hens and chickens, and my father tends them. We have three cows, and we sell all our milk. My sister and I deliver the milk. Our village is on the shore of the Bay of Fundy.

MARION L. K.

Hawkesville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have just newly taken the 'Messenger,' and I like to read the stories and letters. I have a dog, and his name is Fritz. He is black, and likes candies. He is a great dog to play.

SADIE F. (aged 8).

Rupert, Que.

Dear Editor,—Papa keeps a store and the post-office. It is only across the road to our school. I have three little brothers. I am the oldest. The baby is only seventeen months old, and is a very funny little fellow. If we would let him, he would run outside in the cold. His name is Will.

BELL H. (aged 12).

Newcastle Bridge, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I live in the country. My papa keeps a general store. I only have to cross the road to go to school. I have four brothers and two sisters. The only pets I have are a colt called Prince and a Newfoundland dog called Nero. We have a piano, and in the summer I took fifteen lessons.

ACHSAH M. (aged 10).

Hope Bay.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm. I have two cats—one is an old pet, Spot—and two dogs. I will be pleased when spring comes, because I have such fun with the little lambs, and I like to drive the cows to the lake for water.

INA T. (aged 11).

Toronto.

Dear Editor,—I think that if, when the girls and boys write, they would sign at least their first name, we could tell whether it was a boy or girl that was writing; that would be nice. I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school, and I save all my papers, and when I get a lot I take them to some poor family, so that their home may be brightened as well as mine.

LULA S.

Jenkinsville, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm, on the banks of the Washademoak River. We keep the post-office. My father is a clergyman. We have two horses. We have two cats, Dinah and Tom. We have three hives of bees. In winter, when there is skating, we have lots of fun.

WINIFREDE (aged 9).

Rodebuck, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I love the 'Messenger' very much. I got a 'Child's History of England,' written by Charles Dickens, and a hand sleigh for Christmas presents. My aunt in St. John, N.B., sent me a text-book, and she wishes me to learn a text every morning. I belong to the mission band, and we pieced a quilt last summer. I have no brothers or sisters.

HELEN E. (aged 9).

Fargo, North Dakota, U.S.

Dear Editor,—I have a sister seven years old. We both go to school. We have a great Dane dog that draws us on a sled. I get the 'Messenger' every week, and like it very much.

MAUD A. W. (aged 9).

Jenkinsville, N.B.

Dear Editor,—We take the 'Weekly Witness' and 'Northern Messenger,' and like them very much. We live near the schoolhouse. I think Clara's letter about crossing the prairie was very interesting. I have three brothers and one sister. I have one pet, a black cat, and its name is Dinah. I had a flower garden last summer.

AMY ANN (aged 13).

Brant County.

Dear Editor,—Our text was found yesterday in 12th chapter of Romans, 1st verse. To-day is the 2nd of January. I read your letter in the 'Messenger,' and it was a nice one. My brother has a pony named Leo. We have a lot of horses and cattle. I have a sister and two brothers. Did you have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year?

JENNIE (aged 9).

Hope Bay.

Dear Editor,—My mother has taken the 'Messenger' for almost thirty years, and for the last two years we have received it in our Sunday-school. We think it the best paper in the world, and could hardly live without it now. I am fourteen years old, and go almost two miles to day school and Sunday-school. It is so far and so stormy in the winter, that I do not go very often.

EUNICE W.

Estelline, Hamlin, South Dakota.

Dear Editor,—I have two brothers and two sisters. There are a great many lakes in this country. Lake Poinsette is the largest We go there very often in the summer to pick fruit.

MAUD E.

Sherkston, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We live on a farm, and we have a nice flower garden. We live one mile from the lake, and in the summer we go out to it. I have a doll, six years old, named Winnie. I am only five years older than she. I have two sisters and two brothers; Percy is my brother.

PEARLE R. S.

Mitchell.

Dear Editor,—I have six brothers and one sister. We get the 'Messenger' every Sunday, and enjoy it so much. I got a nice picture book for Christmas.

GLADYS (aged 8).

Almonte, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm of two

hundred acres of land; the Mississippi River runs through our farm. I have two brothers. We have to walk one and a half miles to school. We had a Christmas tree at our school, and I got lots of presents. I like to read the Children's Corner in the 'Witness.'

WALLACE B. C. (aged 10).

Kingarf, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I saw a letter in the 'Messenger' from 'Alex.,' in Acton, Ont, and I think he is my cousin. I would like if he would answer this letter if I am right. I have one brother and two sisters. I am the eldest.

EDNA.

Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I enjoy reading your paper very much. I hardly look at any other paper except the 'Witness,' and I like it very much. I have one brother and two pets, a cat and a hen. I live in town, and we all went three miles to my aunt's in the country for Christmas dinner, and stayed three days. You are very kind to leave two pages for the little girls and boys. I will close with wishing you all a Happy New Year.

ETHEL S. (aged 11).

Rosebank.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for about twenty years, and we like it very much. I got one new subscriber for it this year. We have taken the 'Witness' for a long time, and my father says it is the best paper in the Dominion. I go to school regularly, and last Christmas our teacher got up a concert and Christmas tree, which everybody enjoyed; each of the scholars got a book. We have a very large Sunday-school here, which I attend every Sunday. It is kept open winter and summer, and is always largely attended. We got up a picnic last summer, for the purpose of getting a library for the Sunday-school. We have a Mission Band, of which I am a member. I live in a quiet country place, about a mile from a railway station.

JESSAMINE.

Auburn.

Dear Editor,—My eldest brother is a teacher near Chatham, and the second is attending college. My sisters are the youngest, and they can sing very sweetly. My youngest brother is eight years old, and he and I go to school here. Auburn is a very nice place, with the River Maitland running through. It has a long iron bridge over it. We had a very Merry Christmas, and I wish you a Happy and Prosperous New Year. We enjoy your paper very much. My papa takes the 'Witness' and my grandpa also.

EDWARD S. V. (aged 11).

A Few Letters from 'Witness' Subscribers.

CHILDREN BROUGHT UP ON IT.

Laconia, Jan. 4, 1899.

I am bringing my children up on the 'Witness,' and we all welcome it as a friend.

J. M. EAMES.

FACE OF AN OLD FRIEND.

Capetown, Ont., Jan. 5, 1899.

A look at the 'Witness' is like looking at the face of an old friend. Your cut descriptive of the old year and the deeds of the past—especially the march of celebrities to the great future—is a masterpiece. There was nothing like its equal in anything else I saw anywhere. I certainly wish you great blessing and prosperity.

R. B. ROWE.

POTENT ADVOCATE.

Leamington, Ont., Jan. 3, 1899.

I welcome the visits of the 'Daily Witness' to my family and home as one of their best friends. My prayer to God is, that it may long continue the potent advocate of all that tends to make our Dominion truly prosperous and great.

WM. FORREST.

INDEPENDENT REGARDLESS.

St. Paul, Que., Jan. 5, 1899.

Enclosed please find $3.00 for renewal of the 'Daily Witness' for one year. It gives me pleasure to renew my subscription to the 'Witness' for another year, as it is the only paper of its kind that is independent enough to publish whatever they think is for the public interest, regardless whether they may offend someone or not.

May you have the most prosperous year before you that you have ever known, and may your influence for home and country, and social and public morality, be greater than ever, is the wish of, Yours truly,

CHAS. W. HOPE.

APPRECIATES and RECOMMENDS IT

St. John, N.B., Jan. 3, 1899.

Enclosed find $1.00, the amount of my subscription to the 'Weekly Witness.' I never fail to advocate the merits of your paper, for which I have been a subscriber for many years, and never appreciated it any more than at present. Wishing you much prosperity during the New Year,

E. M. SIPPSELL.

LIKES IT MORE AND MORE.

Mount Pleasant, Vancouver, B.C., Jan. 4, 1899.

I have received my watch (gold-filled), and am very much pleased with it. It is just what I knew it would be when I saw the offer in the 'Witness.' Past experience has taught me to know that what the 'Witness' offers as Premiums is always reliable. I expect to send for the sewing machine some time this winter. Please find enclosed a three-cent stamp for pictures of His Excellency the Earl of Minto. I have been a subscriber for twenty years, and like it more and more for its stand for truth and righteousness. Wishing the 'Witness' a Prosperous New Year, I am, yours truly,

FRED DOMONEY.

PREACHER PRESCRIBES IT TO PARISHONER.

Rochester, Minn., Jan. 6, 1899.

God bless you and your all-round Christian newspaper. It is the best and purest sheet on this great continent, and by it you are demonstrating that it is possible to publish a righteous Daily. The 'Witness' is the only newspaper I can endorse in the pulpit, and I make a point of doing it. I recommend it to all Britishers as the best AMERICAN (in the true sense) Daily Newspaper.

GEORGE R. G. FISHER.

"GOD BLESS THE 'WITNESS.'"

Lindsay, Ont., Jan. 3, 1899.

In enclosing my usual list of subscribers to the 'Witness,' I just feel like saying 'God bless the Witness.' Indeed, it has been a great blessing in our family ever since I was a child. We could not do without it. I hope to be able to send you some more subscriptions before long, and we lend it to several poor families to read, and then mail it to a young missionary in a poor mission, who in turn passes it on to others who have scarcely any reading at all.

S. J. ROW.

GOES FOR IT ON SNOWSHOES.

Bosking, Ont., Dec. 26, 1898.

I have a hard walk every Saturday night on my snowshoes to get my old friends the 'Witness' and the 'Northern Messenger,' but it would be lonely without them.

WILLIAM WELCH.

SIGN OF GREAT PROMISE.

River View Farm, Treadwell, Ont., Jan. 2, 1899.

Enclosed please find $1.00 to renew my subscription to the 'Weekly Witness.' If a word of hearty approval from me should afford you any encouragement, let me say that I am proud of the 'Witness.' It is a sign of great promise for our country that such a paper is so well appreciated, and is still spreading its influence. So long as the 'Witness' holds its present high position in both morals and politics, if ever I am obliged to cut down my list of subscriptions, rest assured that by a long way your paper shall be the last to go. Yours respectfully,

GORDON L. LAMB.

IT THROWS LIGHT.

Custer, Mich., Jan. 3, 1899.

I would like the increase of your readers for 1899 to count by the thousand.

My memory goes back to the time of George Thompson, Richard Cobden and John Bright, and from my quiet spot I watch with the deepest interest the trend of events in Canada and Great Britain, and I am thankful to the 'Witness' for the light it throws on those movements that make for the consolidation of the British Empire and for the extension of those liberal principles which have made the England of to-day, and which will make the Canada of the future, if she remains true to the traditions of our fathers. With sincere desires for your welfare,

Yours cordially. J. B. KAYE.

AN ENGINEER BROUGHT UP ON IT

River-du-Loup, P.Q., Jan. 3, 1899.

I herewith enclose $3.00, being my renewal for the 'Daily Witness.' I have been a subscriber since 1870; and my father before me, since 1851. I might say, like a great many others, I was brought up on the 'Witness.' Long may you continue to fight for the right.

WM. MACKIE,

Loco. Engineer I.C.R.

WOULD BE LOST WITHOUT IT.

Morrill, Kan., Jan. 3, 1899.

The 'Witness' has been a weekly visitor at my home during the past year, and I must say that I would be lost without it. Therefore, I enclose $1.00 for renewal of another year. I am always interested to hear of the prosperity and upbuilding of my native country, and find the 'Witness' a noble expounder and adviser in that direction.

B. A. GAVITZ.

GO ON AND PROSPER.

Victoria, P.E.I., Jan. 13, 1899.

Words fail me to fully express my appreciation of the 'Witness.' May you go on and prosper.

WM. C. LEA.

GOT MORE THAN HE PAID FOR.

Bensford, Ont., Jan. 12, 1899.

Since I became a subscriber to your esteemed and highly-prized paper, I have taken advantage of the 'Club Rates,' and I thought I was getting too much for too little. I therefore send you herewith the full amount for another year's subscription to the 'Witness.' It is one of the few papers on which we can ask the blessing of God. We have a picture of the late Mr. John Dougall, which we greatly prize. The 'Witness' is read by 'the better class' of readers in all conditions of life, from the 'dwellers by the sea' to the rich and refined in town and country. May God abundantly bless all your publications.

J. GEORGE KERR.

FROM A FRIEND OF LONG-STANDING.

Shubert, Nebraska, Jan. 5, 1899.

In renewing my subscription to the 'Weekly Witness' for 1899, I would like to add a few words expressive of my appreciation of your efforts to supply a good clean family newspaper, one that can unhesitatingly be placed in the homes of our land without fear of baneful results. This favorable opinion I have formed upon no slight acquaintance, having been an almost constant reader of the Daily or Weekly since its earliest days, my father, Philo Heacock, of Delta, Leeds Co., Ontario, having been amongst the earliest, if not the earliest, subscriber to your publications. Wishing you, therefore, every success in so laudable an enterprise, with many happy returning New Years.

A. E. HEACOCK.

The above are just a few samples of the letters that are actually pouring in. We could have filled the paper with such letters received during the past few days.

LITTLE FOLKS

Girl Babies in China.

Miss Elsie Marshall, a lady missionary in China, who was killed in the 'Vegetarian' riots of August, 1895, gives in a letter the following picture of the terrible state of things in some parts of the country:

'The little orphans in Miss Nisbet's home are such darlings—I have seen them several times now. Two little girls are twins, and were rescued from being buried alive. A Bible-woman met a man carrying them in a basket, and asked him what he was going to do with them. He said, "Bury them." She asked him to give them to her, and he was quite willing, and so they were brought to this Home. All the children in it are girls, whom their parents did not want, and would have got rid of in some way.

'It is dreadfully sad that the Chinese think so little of their baby-girls. It is not so bad in every part of China, but here they throw any number of children into the river which we cross every time we go into the city, and they are often seen floating in the water.'

In another district is a tower with an opening near the top, into which baby-girls, sometimes while still living, are cast to be out of the way.

This dreadful practice does not seem to be condemned by the religion of the parents; it is, in fact, a direct outcome of the teaching of that religion.

Surely it behoves all, to whom the light of the truth has been brought, to show it forth in their lives, remembering that of those to whom much has been given, much will be required.

The lives of professing Christians are sometimes such as to lead unbelievers to say sneeringly that they are worse than the heathen.

In some cases, unfortunately, this is only too true; but it is not the fault of the Christian religion, but that of the unworthy professors of it.

It would be absurd to try to judge of the effect of a drug by the state of a man who had not taken it! It is equally absurd to condemn the Christian religion because of the evil life of some one who does not practise it, though he may profess to do so.

If we wish to see the superiority of the Christian religion to those of the various heathen nations of the world, we must look at what it teaches, and what its effect is on the lives of men when properly carried out.

A professing Christian who is dishonest, or cruel, or gives way to any other form of wickedness, does so in spite of his religion, which condemns all such actions. A heathen, on the other hand, when acting in the same way, may be doing what his religion allows, or even enjoins.

To take only one instance. The duty of Christian parents is to bring up the children whose precious lives God has entrusted to their care, in the best way that they possibly can. Their bodies, whether they are boys or girls, are to be suitably fed and clothed, and their minds and spirits properly trained.

The parent who neglects to per-

TOWER INTO WHICH GIRL BABIES ARE THROWN.

form these duties to the best of his or her ability does not carry out the precepts of Christianity. 'If any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house,' says St. Paul, 'he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel.'

But look at the great heathen country of China, the inhabitants of which call their Emperor the Son of Heaven, and are so proud of their ancient civilization that they look down on the people of other lands as 'outside barbarians.' How do these polished and polite people treat their children?

The sons, on whom the eternal welfare of the parents is thought to depend, are welcomed into the world with rejoicing, and well treated. The girls, on the other hand, are not wanted, and in many cases are got rid of as quickly as possible.—'Friendly Greetings.'

'In the Hollow of His Hand.'

(A. Stuart Fletcher in 'Everybody's Magazine.')

Water everywhere! It was sunset at sea, and the passengers of the good ship 'Speedwell' stood on deck and watched the glorious sight; the sky, with its glowing colors, was reflected on a clear and glassy sea. They watched the sun sink below the horizon, changing all the water into shimmering gold, and presently, when the colors had all faded, turned away.

On the same sea, but too far away to see or be seen by the ship, two men saw the same sight. One, a youth of about eighteen, sat up and gazed calmly at the changing colors. The other, a stalwart man of forty, sat hopelessly staring, with his elbows on his knees, and his head between his hands.

'It's a pretty sight,' said the younger at last; 'it reminds me o' the new Jerusalem.'

The elder man turned upon him.

'"A pretty sight," can ye say, James Malcolmson, when you're alone on a bit of raft, and the sky and sea like a hungry mouth waiting to swallow you up?'

The young man looked down at the raft on which the two poor fellows floated, and then at his companion's face.

'Then you're not a Christian yourself, Robert Wilson, or you'd know that the sea's in the hollow of God our Father's hand.'

Wilson hid his face on his knees and groaned. Not a Christian! He had always gone to church on Sundays, and sung in the village choir, in those peaceful evenings which seemed so far away. He knew his catechism and large portions of the Bible by heart, yet nothing seemed to help him now. No, he was not a Christian, if to be one meant to face even death without fear, and with confidence in a Father's love.

Six days ago the two had been passengers on a ship bound to the Pacific coast, where they both had work on a new railway. In six months, when he had made a little home for them, Wilson's wife and children were to follow. Now he was here, half clothed, penniless; his very life at the mercy of the winds and waves. In a night of terrible storm the great ship had gone down, and he and young Mal-

colmson had found themselves floating on the same piece of wreckage. They had landed on a barren rock, but as nothing remained to them there but starvation, they had made this raft with floating spars and cordage from the wreck, and trusted themselves to it in hopes of sighting a passing vessel. Only a few biscuits and the dregs of their barrel of water now remained, and the sea seemed as barren as the lonely rock. No sail, no sign of land had they seen. Who can wonder, then, that hope sank in Wilson's breast, and chill and fear and misery took its place?

It was now their fourth day on the raft, six days since the wreck. If no help came in another day, or at most two, starvation would stare them in the face. Or even before that a storm might overturn their raft,

The sun sank and night came on.

'Will you say a prayer, James Malcolmson?' said Wilson; but before the lad could begin he turned. There was a lurid glow in the sky; it meant storm. Wilson's face became haggard. 'Oh, James, lad,' he cried, 'God has forsaken us.'

'The sea is in the hollow of his hand,' the lad said, steadily.

* * * * * *

The passengers on board the 'Speedwell' looked the next morning on a very different scene from that of the night before. No calm and glassy expanse of sea or golden sky met their gaze, but a tossing waste of angry waters, that leaped like living things against the ship, and black and lowering heavens.

The captain was on the bridge, looking intently through his glass. Between the rollings of the waves he could discern a small black object. Now it rose, and again disappeared; it was difficult to make out what it was like.

At last the captain called one of his officers.

'Take the glass, Jenks! Isn't that a raft with a man on it?'

Jenks looked.

'It is a raft, and with two men on it. Shall I man the boat, sir?'

The men on the raft had now caught sight of the ship. After an awful night of storm and terror, when they, every moment, expected death, hope had dawned. But it was not yet certainty. How could they make themselves seen in such a sea? And even if a boat were sent, could it reach them?

The suspense was too great for poor Wilson to bear; he flung himself on his face on the raft.

'See, man! the boat! the boat!' Malcolmson cried.

But there was no sound from Wilson.

A voice came from the boat, 'Hello there! Look out for the rope.'

A heavy hawser came whirling through the air; its end fell into the sea a few feet from the raft; James clutched and caught it. Then with his numb fingers the lad bound it round the body of his insensible companion. There was a shout from the boat, and Wilson was hauled through the water into safety.

Once more the rope was thrown, and this time James bound it round his own body.

They were saved, but for many days Wilson lay between life and death. Then he awoke to find himself on a homeward bound vessel.

A week afterwards the two men parted, perhaps never to meet again, for Malcolmson had accepted the offer of working his way back again on the same ship.

Wilson wrung the young man's hand.

'Good-bye, lad, and thank God for the lesson you've helped me to learn. My life was like our raft, rudderless and without sail; I was "without God and without hope in the world." But now, thanks to his grace, I've given myself to him. So that, wherever we two may be, on land or sea, we are safe in the "hollow of his hand."'

Ethel's White Squadron.

(Susan B. Robbins in 'Little Folks' Paper.')

Ethel has seen the White Squadron many times. She loved to look down on the harbor and see the

THE WHITE SQUADRON.

beautiful white ships on the sparkling water. She would have opened her blue eyes in surprise if anyone had told her she would see anything like this at the farm where she was going to spend a few weeks in the summer. But the very first morning, she came running into the room where her mother was sitting.

'Oh, mamma!' she cried, 'come quick, and see the White Squadron.'

Mamma opened her blue eyes—they were just like Ethel's—in surprise, and followed Ethel.

They ran down back of the house, past some chicken coops, and down a lane into a pasture. And there on a little pond were ever so many snow-white ducks.

Mamma and Ethel sat down on a big stone and watched them for a long while. Some of them splashed the water; they would beat their wings and the water would fly up like a fountain.

Others would put their long, yellow bills down into the water as far as their little round eyes, and they seemed to find something to eat there.

Sometimes one would step on the grass at the side of the water, and standing up very straight, flap its broad, white wings. Then it would go into the water and float about again.

Once they all made believe they were frightened. They swam to the shore very fast and flapped and ran along the ground, some of them jumping up into the air. Then they all started back to the water, quacking loudly, as though they were laughing at a great joke.

Ethel laughed too. I like them better than the other 'White Squadron,' she said.

Over and Over.

'Over and over, little lad,
The same thing over and over;'
So sings the robin from his nest,
And buzzes the bee in the clover.

'Every spring I build my nest,
Over and over, bringing
Tiny twigs and wee wisps of straw,
Toiling, dreaming, and singing.

'Every day I search the flowers
To find the hidden treasure;
Over and over, home at night,
I bring o'erflowing measure.'

Over and over, every day,
The sun bursts forth in glory;
Over and over, soft, warm winds
Whisper the same sweet story.

Over and over mother toils,
And plans for one boy's pleasure,
Over and over bears with him
And gives love without measure.

So weary not, dear little lad,
But bravely do your duty,
Over and over; then you'll find
The whole may bloom in beauty.
—'The Children's Paper.'

The Canadian Apostle of Temperance.

One of the most widely-known of all the sons of Canada died on Monday, January 16. Charles Pascal Telesphore Chiniquy was born in 1809 (the same year in which Gladsone and Tennyson were born), and had a wonderful career as a preacher both among Catholics and Protestants. His remarkable temperance campaign, which will long be remembered as a matter of history, was at its height fifty years ago. The following extracts from a recent sketch of Dr. Chiniquy's career refer to this noble work for temperance:—

Dr. Chiniquy was from the first conspicuous amongst his fellows, not less by his industry and rapid advancement than by his tact, cheerfulness and good nature. His superiors were wont to speak of him as one marked out by nature for some position of authority. The young priest took as his first charge the parish of St. Roch de Quebec, at Beauport.

During the period intervening between 1834 and 1838, he was chaplain of the Marine Hospital at Quebec, and there studied under Dr. Douglas the effects of alcohol on the human system, and was convinced that it was poisonous and debasing. Shortly after he became incumbent of the parish of Beauport, therefore, one of his first acts was to write to Father Mathew, the Irish 'apostle to temperance,' to ascertain from him the means of success in the work. He then established the first temperance association in the Roman Catholic Church on the Continent; and though at the outset he encountered the sturdy opposition of the entire priesthood, yet he urged forward the movement with such power and energy as to silence all opposition, and establish his principles.

When he entered upon his official duties at Beauport there were seven thriving taverns in town, and not one schoolhouse; after he had labored two years there were seven thriving schools and not one tavern, and the parish, which had been the most intemperate and degraded, had become the most moral and exemplary in the diocese. The splendid temperance column which adorns the town, and which may be seen from the falls of Montmorency, was built to commemorate his achievements in that parish.

A circumstance which demonstrates the wonderful influence over men which Dr. Chiniquy possessed is shown in his temperance work at Beauport, when he was compelled to walk long distances because he had not been able to purchase a horse. One morning when he was dressing himself, about the year 1840, his servant called to him that 'twenty men on horseback wanted to speak to him.' There he saw before him twenty of his best farming parishioners, who called to explain their penitence for neglect of his welfare, and offered the young priest his choice of the fine array of horses. When Dr. Chiniquy chose a horse, every one of the remaining nineteen wanted to give his horse, and the young priest was radiant with gratitude.

From Beauport he was transferred to the much larger parish of Kamouraska; and after establishing temperance societies all over the district of Lower Quebec, and wiping out the whiskey traffic there, he gave up parochial work, in order that he might devote himself entirely to the preaching of temperance, transferring his headquarters to Montreal. From 1846 till 1851, he was the apostle of total abstinence for the whole province, having been specially commissioned by his bishop, who gave him the title of 'The Canadian Apostle of Temperance.'

DISTILLERIES CLOSED.

During this period he did what has never been done since, for he virtually abolished the traffic in intoxicating drinks throughout the province, all except two of the distilleries being closed and converted into flour-mills and factories.

In acknowledgment, and in commemoration of his marvellous achievements, the city of Montreal, in May, 1849, presented him with a gold medal as a token of gratitude. One side of the medal bears the inscription, 'To Father Chiniquy, Apostle of Temperance, of Canada'; on the other, 'Honor to his virtues, zeal and patriotism.' In the same year the Canadian Parliament voted him an address and a gratuity of twenty-five hundred dollars, as a public token of the gratitude of the whole people, for the reformation he had accomplished in this especial line. The vigor of Dr. Chiniquy's temperance addresses showed that he lacked neither arguments nor the words wherewith to clothe them.

DR. CHINIQUY PREACHING ON TEMPERANCE FIFTY YEARS AGO IN A CATHOLIC CHURCH.

THE FIRST TEMPERANCE LESSON.

Dr. Chiniquy's first temperance lesson was a most radical one, and as he details it in his book, is interesting. He describes first how he was appointed chaplain of the Quebec Marine Hospital. Under great stress of work Dr. Chiniquy drank a glass of brandy. Dr. Douglas, one of the founders and governors of the hospital, and an able physician, saw him drinking the brandy and exclaimed, 'What are you doing there?'

'You see,' I answered; 'I have taken a glass of excellent brandy.'

'But please tell me why you drink the brandy?'

'Because it is a good preservative against

OBVERSE AND REVERSE VIEWS OF THE GOLD MEDAL PRESENTED TO DR. CHINIQUY IN 1849.

the pestilential atmosphere I will breathe all day,' I replied.

'Is it possible,' rejoined he, 'that a man for whom I have such a sincere esteem is so ignorant of the deadly workings of alcohol in the human frame? What you have just drank is nothing but poison; and, far from protecting you against the danger, you are now much more exposed to it than before you drank that beverage.'

The autopsy of a sailor next morning showed so clearly to Dr. Chiniquy the deadly poison of alcohol that he shortly afterwards gave up entirely the use of intoxicating liquors, and started on his crusade of temperance.

A Cigarette Slave.

A young man in New Jersey induced the police to lock him in jail, so he could not get cigarettes. He had begun smoking at the early age of ten years, and at 26 was a nervous wreck, with a will-power so weakened that he was utterly unable to resist the clamorings of his appetite for cigarettes when it was possible to get them. Within the last three years their terrible effect has been painfully apparent—his constitution is now ruined, his once robust body is reduced to a skeleton, he is so nervous he can scarcely hold a glass of water, and his head aches incessantly. Again and again he had determined to drop the habit, but found to his dismay that he could not do it, as he no longer had the will power to obey the dictates of his conscience.

And still boys and men will trifle and fool with these infernal devices until they find themselves in the grasp of the destroyer, and are lost beyond hope of redemption.—'Safeguard.'

LESSON VI.—FEB. 5.

The Nobleman's Son Healed.

John iv., 43-54. Memory verses, 49-51.

Home Readings

M. John iv., 43-54.—The nobleman's son healed.
T. John ii., 13-25.—Doings at the feast.
W. Matt. viii., 5-13.—A believing centurion.
T. Matt. ix., 18-26.—A ruler's faith.
F. Heb. iv., 9-16.—Boldness in prayer.
S. Heb. xi., 1-6.—Necessity of Faith.
S. I. John v., 10-15.—Faith and Life.

Golden Text.

'Jesus said unto him, thy son liveth; and himself believed, and his whole house.'—John iv., 53.

Lesson Story.

Our Lord stayed with the Samaritans two days, teaching them about his Father and himself. Then Jesus and his disciples went on to Galilee and the people of Galilee received him with great interest, for they had been at the Passover feast at Jerusalem when Jesus was there, and they had seen his wonderful works there.

So Jesus came again into Cana of Galilee, where he had wrought his first miracle, turning the common water into pure sweet grape-juice, and hallowing the wedding feast by his presence there. A certain nobleman or ruler of Galilee had left his son very ill at his home in Capernaum, and hastened to Jesus to ask if he would not come down and heal the sufferer, who was at the point of death. Jesus saw that the man had little real faith, but was looking for some great miracle, so he gently reproved him. But the man in his anxiety forgot all his doubts, and besought the Saviour to come to his child before he should die.

Then Jesus, seeing that the nobleman really believed he would grant his request, sent him home saying, 'Go thy way; thy son liveth!' The man took Jesus at his word, and started at once for home. The next day, as he neared Capernaum, his servants came to meet him with the glad news of his son's recovery.

With joy he enquired of them the hour that the fever left him, and when the servants said 'Yesterday, at the seventh hour,' he told them that that was the very moment at which Jesus had given him the assurance of his son's life and health.

The nobleman and his family and servants all believed then on Jesus as the Saviour of the world; thus out of our deepest afflictions Jesus can bring us the greatest joy.

The Bible Class

Nobleman, or ruler.—Matt. ix., 18-26; Luke xviii., 18-23; John vii., 48; xii., 42, 43; Matt. viii., 5-13; Acts x., 30-48.

Sick.—Matt. xxv., 34-39, 40; Matt. viii., 14-17; John xi., 1-6, 21-26, 41-46; Luke v., 31; Jas. v., 14-16.

Believed.—Gen. xv., 6; Psa. xxvii., 13; Jonah iii., 5-10; Matt. xviii., 6; xxi., 22; Mark xvi., 16-20; John ix., 35-38; xii., 46-48; I. John v., 10-13.

Suggestions.

(From Arnold's Practical Commentary.)

BLACKBOARD OUTLINE.

G alilean Believers,
R eceiving Jesus,
O wning his power,
W atching for signs,
I gnorant,
N eeding true faith,
G athering instruction,

F ather in affliction,
A sks help of Jesus.
I s rebuked and taught.
T riumphs in faith,
H is household saved.

Make the lesson a continuous story, spell down each column of blackboard outline, and so spell out the central thought. The lesson first tells about Galilean believers. The first miracle Jesus wrought was in Galilee, nine months before, but that was not all that they had seen of his power. They were at the Passover in Jerusalem when Jesus drove out the buyers and sellers from the temple, and they also witnessed his miracles there. They had some faith then. When Jesus returned to their country they were glad, and they welcomed him, received him kindly. At once they recalled the scenes at Jerusalem, and confessed that they believed Jesus was a teacher sent from God.

They owned his power, and no doubt they were filled with high expectations, thinking he would work more miracles and wonders. It is right to expect great things when Jesus dwells with us, but we must love him, and not just watch for signs and wonders merely to enjoy them. Sometimes people go to church, during a revival season, just to see what is done. Jesus wanted to raise the faith of those Galilean people above the low standard. He saw they were ignorant, and must be taught. They were needing true faith to make them steady and honest. Jesus went there to give them help. He was glad to be received. Weak faith, or bewildered faith, is better than none; so Jesus gave them instruction. Nothing comes by chance with the Lord. He knew the child at Capernaum was sick, and he knew the father would come to see him. He did not stop working wonders, but did them in such a way as to lead their minds to take hold in a higher sense of his divine power. Then came the opportunity—a father in affliction. His heart was anxious for his sick child. He had heard of the power of Jesus, and he believed he could heal his son, and he was willing to have him do it. He was right as far as he had gone in faith, but see how weak it was—at least, how it limited Jesus' power. He thought Jesus must go where his boy was. His faith did not go beyond what he had heard. Everyone must know the Lord for himself. Though a man of wealth and position, he humbly entreats Jesus to do something for his child. He was rebuked kindly for his wrong opinions, and taught a better way. He must learn more about Jesus, and learn it from Jesus. At the same time he was teaching the nobleman the way of faith, the Galileans at Cana were learning also. Seeing that Jesus need not go to Capernaum to heal the child, but declared he should live, was a new wonder. The true faith of the nobleman was seen when he believed Jesus' words and went home. He did not fear then that his child would die. He triumphed over doubt and unbelief. He trusted and obeyed. He expected to find his son alive. But he did not understand all the lesson until he learned the time of his recovery. The better we understand the ways of the Lord the more we will see what he has done for us. When the family was again united, the wonderful miracle which was a blessing to them all won the entire family to Jesus as his disciples.

Practical Points.

(By A. H. Cameron.)

Jesus was never idle during the three years of his public ministry (verse 43; also Acts x., 38).

'Familiarity breeds contempt' is a worldly maxim, but familiarity with Christ and his word always increases the esteem of the consecrated Christian (verses 44, 45).

Past favors encourage the Christian to hope for future blessings (verse 46).

'Faith comes by hearing.' The genuine article will stand all the testing that the Divine Goldsmith gives in love (verses 47, 48). Faith, like certain flowers, when crushed, sends forth a sweet perfume (verse 49).

Jesus loves to answer prayer when the seeker asks in faith (verses 50, 51). God's gracious dealings with his praying people are as wonderful as they are kind (verses 52, 53).

This is called the second miracle, but afterwards the writer leaves off counting them, for they are numberless as the sands of the seashore (verse 54).—Psalm lxxi., 15.

Tiverton, Ont.

C. E Topic.

Feb. 5.—Idle in the market-place.—Matt. xx., 1-16.

Junior C. E.

Feb. 5.—What kind of a place is heaven?—John xiv., 1-4; I. Cor. ii., 9.

The Infant Class.

(Mrs. Elizabeth McL. Rowland in 'The Congregationalist.')

Mine is literally an infant class. I take them early, often at three or less, and send them out at seven, or six even if they can read a little, because I find that I succeed better so than if I keep them longer and have classes and teachers under me. My children are thus so nearly of one grade, that if I reach one mind I reach nearly all. I have never visited a primary class with children of nine and ten in it where the attention of all was held. Usually the little ones are neglected while the older ones get the teaching and answer the questions. I must own, however, that the singing of a strictly infant class will be confined to a few tunes poorly sung, and its teachers must learn to sing on in spite of discords and mistakes. I have an assistant, who marks for the secretary, distributes papers and receives the money. She also takes away fans and parasols, finds pennies in deep pockets and intricate purses, confiscates marbles, holds the irrepressible baby a while, separates pugilists and wipes the tears, while I teach the lesson.

I long ago decided that I could not tell all the Bible stories, teach its history and geography, to children between the ages of three and seven during half an hour on pleasant Sundays. So I said, 'I will plant a seed, I will cultivate a habit.' I took for my motto, 'The seed is the Word;' therefore, my children shall learn Bible verses, and they shall also be trained to give.

After staying with the main school through the devotional exercises, we go into the parlors for forty minutes, call the roll, giving a second credit to those who can say present, church, which averages one-half of the number in the class, and then we take the collection before the money gets lost. Two children pass the hats, while we all repeat (not sing) the verses beginning, 'Hear the pennies dropping.' We add up the sums in the hats, change the pennies into dimes and let the children, in turn, push the dimes into a gem bank for some special object, such as a window in a home missionary church—all trivial exercises, but they keep the object of the gift in view, and no child makes the mistake of thinking the teacher wants his money for peanuts. I hear from parents that their children insist on a penny for Sunday-school just as they do for the monkey with the hand-organ. My aim is to cultivate the habit—the principle is a later growth. Next comes our prayer, beginning,

'I thank Thee, God, for giving me
Another happy night.'

Then the children tell me what they believe. One raises her hand and says she believes 'in God above,' and another says 'in Jesus' love.' By this time the shyness wears off, and two or three more are ready to respond. By that time we are ready to repeat the child's creed in unison. We use no question-book or quarterly, but give each child at the close of school a colored picture paper, which has in it, not only the lesson of the day for home review, but the Golden Text for next Sunday. It is on this verse that I lay the most stress. Every child who can repeat it is praised heartily, and if she has not learned it at home she must repeat it after me, every child, every Sunday, till the dullards and laggards can repeat them in unison as we review the texts for the quarter every Sunday. We also have a handful of selected verses that we tell off on our fingers, and in this way I hope that even the child who leaves Sunday-school early will take with him enough of God's Word to find his Saviour and direct his life.

In one Sunday-school at Eastbourne there is a custom which may well be widely imitated. Each week the children of one class choose some subject in connection with missionary work as a matter concerning which the whole school may pray. The superintendent announces the topic at the close of the school, and presumably adds a few words of explanation. The next week another class chooses the subject, and so on, each class in rotation having the privilege.

HOUSEHOLD.

Fault-Finding Parents.

It is at times necessary to censure and punish, but very much more may be done by encouraging children when they do well. Be, therefore, more careful to express your approbation of good conduct than your disapprobation of bad. Nothing can more discourage a child than a spirit of incessant fault-finding on the part of its parent, and hardly anything can exert more injurious influence upon the disposition both of the parent and the child. There are two great motives influencing human actions—hope and fear. Both of these are at times necessary. But who would not prefer to have her child influenced to good conduct by a desire of pleasing rather than by the fear of offending? If a mother never expresses her gratification when her children do well, and is always censuring them when she sees anything amiss, they are discouraged and unhappy; their dispositions become hardened and soured by this ceaseless fretting; and at last, finding that whether they do well or ill, they are equally found fault with, they relinquish all efforts to please, and become heedless of reproaches.—'American Youth.'

Norwegian Sand Cakes.

Majorie heard mamma tell Norah that papa expected a visit from two business friends, and to make some good strong coffee and bring it into the library about four o'clock. It was then half-past three.

'Norah,' said Marjorie, coaxingly, 'if you'll let me bake something, I'll make the coffee and set the tray and take it upstairs myself. You know I can make nice coffee.'

Yes; Norah did know, for Marjorie had often made it for her when she was busy, so she willingly agreed to the proposition.

'I'm going to make sand cakes, Norah,' she said, breaking one egg into a bowl, 'because grandma says they are great favorites with gentlemen. It only takes one cupful of sugar and one cupful of butter, and the funny part is that you just stir everything up together without beating the egg or creaming the butter and sugar.'

'That is funny,' said Norah, 'and don't you use any flour?'

'Yes, as soon as everything is well mixed, I add just enough to make a rather stiff dough.'

In a few minutes it was ready, and Marjorie rolled it out very thin, and cut it into squares, which she put into the baking pan.

'I do hope the oven is not too hot,' she said, 'because the cakes are so apt to burn. They need a deal of watching.'

The oven was just right, as Marjorie learned by baking one of the squares first, and then she put the rest in.

By the time the coffee was made and the tray set, the cakes were baked, and Marjorie piled them on a dish and covered them with a dainty napkin.

At four o'clock precisely she knocked at the library door, and was very much gratified by having papa ask her to remain a few moments to pour out the coffee. To her the best proof that her cakes were a success and 'a great favorite with gentlemen,' was that they ate them all, not even leaving one for manners.—New York 'Observer.'

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